



ARBO5 - GESELLSCHAFT FÜR MUSIK UND THEATER  
ARBO5 - COMPANY FOR MUSIC AND THEATRE  
ARBO5 - SOCIÉTÉ POUR LA MUSIQUE ET LE THÉÂTRE

# "Sabbath Bloody Sabbath"



**"Sabbath Bloody Sabbath"** A Theatre Projekt with Scenes and Poems written by August Stramm, Paul Scheerbart and Giuseppe Ungaretti as an inclusive visual Music- and Theatre Project in Austrian Sign Language and Spoken German performed by Werner Mössler and Markus Rupert directed by Herbert Gantschacher

**PREMIERE:** Friday 24th of January 2025, at 20.30 pm  
**Second Performance:** Saturday 25th of January 2025, at 20.30 pm

**Tickets:** 29,- € reduced 23,- € Youth (till 18 years) 12,- € Youth with Youthcard of the City of Villach €8,- €, Culturepassport 10,- € and reduced prize for a group of adults starting with 10 persons.

Tickets at **Ö-Ticket** and at the "neuebuehnevillach" [office@neuebuehnevillach.at](mailto:office@neuebuehnevillach.at)  
Telefon 04242-287164 oder Fax 04242-287164-14



Both performances are broadcasted directly to the internet on <https://www.arbos.at/livestream/>.





Produced and directed by: Herbert Gantschacher

Project designed in Austrian Sign Language by: Werner Mössler

Performed by: Werner Mössler (deaf actor), Markus Rupert (actor) and Herbert Gantschacher (actor) to the words and music written by Ozzy Osbourne, Terence Michael Butler, William T. Ward and F. Frank Iommi.

Paul Scheerbart, August Stramm and Giuseppe Ungaretti are part of the European avant-garde of modern literature and poetry. Paul Scheerbart's works are also a precursor and predecessor of modern science fiction novels, and August Stramm is considered the avant-gardist of modern poetry in the German language. Paul Scheerbart's play "War Theatre" is a kind of anti-war theatre. Instead of producing weapons and military equipment for real wars, in Scheerbart's play the American billionaire Rumbold proposes that the most modern weapons and military equipment should no longer be produced for war but only for the use in theatre, so the theatre of war should happen only in real theatres, and the performances should be shown to a mass audience in an artistic mixture of acting persons and puppets. This artistic form of war theatre will fill the box offices, all tickets will be sold, and so all these theatre will be sold out. Scheerbart himself had to see the start of the First World War and also the horrors connected to every war. Scheerbart died on October 16, 1915 at the age of 52. August Stramm, on the other hand, became a victim of the Great War on September 1, 1915, when he was killed in combat in the theatre of war on the front in Eastern Europe. Therefore, Stramm's poem "War Grave" and Giuseppe Ungaretti's poem "Soldiers" - Ungaretti served in the First World War in the theatre of war at the front of river Isonzo - are grammatical and authentic parts of the production, which also recalls the conflicts in the Middle East with the title "Sabbath Bloody Sabbath", which has once again become a geopolitical war zone since the massacres on October 7, 2023 on Israeli territory committed by groups of persons from the Gaza Strip.



### **August Stramm "Patrol"**

The stones are hostile  
The window grins betrayal  
The branches strangle  
Mountains bushes rustle leaves  
Shrill  
Death.

(Translated from the Original German into English by Herbert Gantschacher)

### **Paul Scheerbart "War Theatre"**

Mr. William C. Rumboldt is now the man of the day in New York. He has a great idea: he wants to delight the world with a tremendous war theatre. It was to be expected that an American billionaire would take up this idea after the invention of the dirigible airship. First of all, there will be real air battles between Yankees and Japs (of course). This is a current trend in America and will fill the pockets with big cash nicely. The theatre will be presented in the form of a very long racetrack grandstand, so that the actors in the air have a respectable amount of space at their disposal. An American idea!

"There are no technical difficulties," explains Mr. Rumboldt in a leaflet. Perhaps I will build the new theatre on the sea coast. Then the entire air war could be staged over the water. Torpedo boats and warships could complete the battle scenes. The crashing of the balloons would then have to be done with great precautions. After all, the illusion could also be created using puppets and artificially manufactured human limbs. But the main actors - I can explain this here with certainty - will be living persons who will plunge into the depths equipped with parachutes and life jackets. Special care will be taken to unfold the battle scenes in the theatre of war during the night. Searchlights and rockets will then play a major role. The lighting of the balloons will be of fairy-tale splendor in places. Balloons of enormous dimensions are to be built. The large horn signals will have a musically muted character and add a very special effect to the great cannon, motorcycle and rocket concert. If it will be forbidden to me to carry out my set on the sea coast, I will complete the illusion in the open country, as large areas of land can easily be submerged.

This is just a small extract from Mr. Rumboldt's leaflet; as with all such American enterprises, one has the feeling that an impressive advertisement will be revealed at the end. It does not fail to appear. At the end of the leaflet, a theatre prop factory announces that it produces artificial and severed human limbs in large quantities - and also all other theatre props - such as sceneries, costumes, balloons, parachutes and the more of these. American advertising!

Will Europe not soon to have to learn as much as possible from such advertising?

(Translated from the Original German into English by Herbert Gantschacher)

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(Translated from the Original German into English by Herbert Gantschacher)

## **Giuseppe Ungaretti "Soldati / Soldiers"**

They are like  
The autumn  
The trees  
The leaves

(Translated from the Italian Original into English by Herbert Gantschacher)

## **Ozzy Osbourne, Terence Michael Butler, William T. Ward, F. Frank Iommi "Sabbath Bloody Sabbath"**

You've seen right through distorted eyes  
You know you had to learn  
The execution of your mind  
You really had to turn  
The race is run, the book is read  
The end begins to show  
The truth is out, the lies are old  
But you don't want to know  
Nobody will ever let you know  
When you ask the reasons why  
They just tell you that you're on your own  
Fill your head all full of lies  
The people who have crippled you  
You want to see them burn  
The gates of life have closed on you  
And there's just no return  
You're wishing that the hands of doom  
Could take your mind away  
And you don't care if you don't see again  
The light of day  
Nobody will ever let you know  
When you ask the reasons why  
They just tell you that you're on your own  
Fill your head all full of lies  
You bastards  
Where can you run to?  
What more can you do?  
No more tomorrow  
Life is killing you  
Dreams turn to nightmares  
Heaven turns to hell  
Burned out confusion  
Nothing more to tell, yeah  
Everything around you  
What's it coming to?  
God knows as your dog nose  
Bog blast all of you  
Sabbath bloody Sabbath

Nothing more to do  
Living just for dying  
Dying just for you, yeah.